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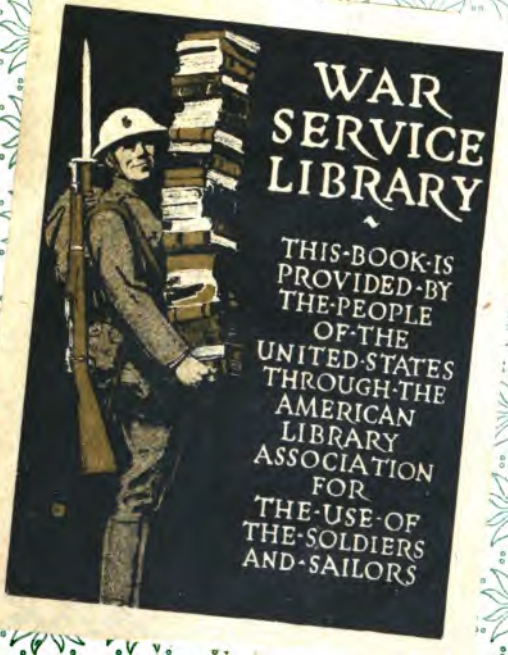

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Levi Wilbur Pollard.

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CHARACTER, JUVENILE AND OTHER

POEMS

BY

LEVI WILBUR POLLARD

CHICAGO:
LEVI WILBUR POLLARD
1902

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LEVI WILBUR POLLARD

FOSTER & LIDELL, Sparta, Wis., Illustrators
M. A. DONOHUE & CO., Chicago, Printers Binders and Publishers

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

M. A. Donohue & Co. announce a new book of Poems by Levi Wilbur Pollard of Wisconsin. Pollard is as unique and interesting as are his poems. He is a lawyer by profession, a successful leader in politics. They elected him district attorney in Iowa County, expecting to have things done as they should direct; but Pollard proved to have ideas of his own and a sense of justice that would not brook interference. Then his political influence secured him an appointment to the Indian Territory. The solitude and monotony of the life stirred the poet in him, and his best things were written there. "If I was Teachin' Skool," "I Like Her and Tommy, Too." "The Old Arkansaw," etc. He is a fellow with ideas of his own and says things, some funny, some serious, and some really poetic.

Levi Pollard has many admirers and warm friends, especially in his own state.

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As district attorney when they used to call on him for a speech, he fired original red hot dactylic pentameters at them that kept them in a roar of laughter. "If I was Teachin' Skool" is brim full of horse sense and sound philosophy. "I Like Her and Tommy, Too" is a gem, and many will buy the book to get that poem alone. "The Old Arkansaw" is a fine bit of verse, and there are others.

He says, "You may call it what you like, poetry, blank verse or prose. It is what I thought and what I said, why doctor it up for the critics?" If literature should reveal the man, I guess he is right after all. When you have read Levi Pollard's poems you will know the man as his friends know him.

No pains or expense have been spared by the publishers in the make-up of the book. The illustrations are very attractive and novel.

F. E. DOTY.

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Levi Wilbur Pollard, in character

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IF I WAS TEACHIN' SKOOL.

Mr. Professor-teacher, I brought Bill in
to-day:
I suppose you're the one that runs things
here, and the man who takes the
pay?
That feller out there sawin' wood showed
me all around,
'Nd I was mightily taken up with him,
and all the things I found;
'Nd if you run the shebang inside, like
he does out there,
Then if Billy can't get his lessons, he must
be dull, I swear.
Now Mr. Professor-teacher, it's this here
way, you know,
Billy went down to Jimson's deestrick 'til
'bout three months ago,
When that er superintendent lad cum
down to the house one day,
Give Billy them er papers, 'nd said we
should send him away.

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Now I'm goin' to tell you, teacher, just what I would do
If I was teachin' skool, w-e-l-l, say—just like you.

Now Mr. Professor-teacher, I really don't pretend
To say what book-larnin' you should give him, but his outside life attend.
I've sorter kep an eye on these here chaps who go
'Way off ter skool, 'nd larn more things than they railly orter know.
I s'pose you think it kinder queer, why I'm so keerful o' him,
But I've larned a heap o'things sence I made a lawyer o' Jim.
Jim is very bright 'nd kind—we heerd from him to-day;
A letter from New York that cum: "Yes, mother, I'll mend my way."
Don't understand me Jim is bad, I won't have that at all,
But he keeps that kind o' company, if he don't let up, he'll fall.

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If I was teachin' skool.

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I understand Mr. Professor, that yer
teachin' is all right
By day, but I'd look aft'r 'em at night.
That's what I'd do, if I was teachin' skool,
w-e-l-l, say, just like you.

You take a feller just like Billy, when he
first gits into town,
He's too apt to go upon the street, just to
look around.
Now if I wanted to ruin Billy and start
him wrong at first,
I'd mix him up with that street gang; of
all crowds that's the worst.
What do you hear upon the street? Jest
common talk an' blow;
Some feller tellin' 'bout a game they played
ten years ago.
'Fore that feller finishes, another feller
starts,
An' tells 'bout some prize fight—he's got
it down by heart.
'Nd now its gettin' little too warm—they
move jest with the sun;
They're in time fer the street orator, his
new lecture he's begun.

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You can go an' hear him free, he won't
charge you I am sure.
He's tellin' how the rich grows rich, an'
how the poor grows poor.
He's posted on all subjects, from a star
down to a gnat,
But how these fellows all do live, that's
what I've wondered at.
Their language is the choicest, an' of a
brimstone hue,
'Nd if a lady pass that way, why, she's the
subject, too.
I got patience with a man who works,
when he commits some little crime,
But fer them er street loafers, God knows
I've got no time.
Keep 'em away from that er gang; that's
what I would do,
If I wuz teachin' skool, w-e-l-l, say, jest
like you.

It kinder seems to me this way 'bout raisin'
up a lad;
When he's a doin' somethin' good, there's
no chance to be bad.

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When I speak o' somethin' good, its not
workin' him all day;
Fer I should give a boy like him a lot o'
wholesome play.
'Nd if he's time to play base-ball, er run
er jump er race,
Jest let him do any of 'em, if he can fill
the place.
But when it comes to kickin' ball, er ruther
legs, you know,
I'd ruther have him jest look on—fer that
hurt Jimmy so.
'Nd I'd get up entertainments that'd make
'em laugh an' smile;
Fer where you've got all kinds of fun, why,
there you've got the child.
I'd keep 'em laffin' an' feelin' good, fer
then they can work their best,
Fer after a hard day's work, I know no
better rest,
That's what I'd do, if I wuz teachin' skool,
w-e-l-l, say, jest like you.

'Nd another thing I'd put into his little
mind;
That the majority of people are honest 'nd
are kind.

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'Nd I'd pick out them er fellers, who'se
been tried through 'nd through,
'Nd show no man has been great unless
he has been true.
'Nd when some poor feller bein' had kinder
slipped astray,
Tell him to speak kindly to him, it may
help him back some day.
Tell him never to snub his parents, fer
he'll find in no other place
A voice jest like his mother's— a face jest
like her face.
'Nd if he's gone from us three years, er
even a longer while,
No matter what his success has been, I
wanter see that smile.
Tell him them er fellers who git smarter
than their dad,
Never fill the best positions, and wind up
with the bad.
I know you'll tell him all this, but I'd im-
press it too,
If I wuz teachin' skool, w-e-l-l, say, jest
like you.

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That's what I would do.

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When Billy goes out fer himself, I want
fer him ter speak
To every man that earns his bread, 'nd
helps the poor 'nd weak.
'Nd if I see him doin' that, 'nd see him fail
to climb,
I'll back him up fer all I'm worth, it's
bound to win in time.
'Nd if he gets to flirtin', 'nd broke up with
the fever,
Jest tell him it's all right outside, but in
skool he must leave her,
'Nd after I got 'em finished up, I'd be glad
'nd sad I know—
I'd be glad to see 'em finish but I'd be
sad to see em' go:
Now, teacher, to be honest, aint yer felt
the self same way
When you see yer scholars leavin' skool,
aint yer smiled a tear away?
Aint you felt that sadness growin' when
you went back in the room?
Aint yer heerd the silence quotin', "Billy's
gone so soon?"
Sounded kinder like a voice comin' from
the tomb.

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I'd put my arm around 'm, 'nd then I'd
tell 'm, to
Pick out the work you like the best; don't
let 'em discourage you;
Now, that's what I'd do if I waz teachin'
skool, w-e-l-l, say, jest like you.

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"OLD ARKANSAW."

I have read of beautiful rivers,
  How softly and sweetly they flow,
Gathering each little streamlet,
  Laughingly onward they go;
I have heard how silvery moonlight
  Kisses each ripple with glee,
'Till I dreamed that the Rhine and the
    Weser
  Were gentler than any we see.
Ah, let the word-gilding artist
  Paint me the waters I saw
Last night as the fairies were dancing
  On the banks of the old Arkansaw.

So fresh and so sweet were the breezes
  Wafting their fragrance to me,
Which had been silently stolen
  While passing wild flower and tree,
The dreaming of my childhood
  Kept flowing through my brain,

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Till I was a boy with rod in hand
  Fishing just as plain:
Transcendant stood I watching
  The red man and his squaw
Drifting down with the current
  Of the placid "Old Arkansaw."

Last night as I stood by the river
  It seemed that all I held dear
Had drifted away and beyond me
  And I should soon disappear:
Maybe 'tis life's early stages,
  A child—a boy and a man
Mingling their beautiful memories
  With the clear and bright waters that
    ran,
That likens it unto the homestead:
  In our eyes there's never a flaw,
In the way that God has designed it,
  May be so with the "Old Arkansaw."

On the same spot I was standing
  I stood there once before
And told my love to a maiden
  Under the old sycamore.

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She was the Child of the Red Man.

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She was a child of the red man,
  Schooled by the white pioneer
When the vanities of civilized life
  Were entirely wanting here.
Her great dark eyes bespoke the heart
  Melted by love's thaw,
Which comes but once in every life
  Like ours on the "Old Arkansaw."

The ripples made by the fishes
  Darting here and there,
Seem to move with the gentleness
  Of her waving raven hair;
Her soul has floated far beyond
  Into a grander light,
Our children, too, are far away,
  Like the waters I saw last night;
And soon I must be moving,
  According to biblical law.
It will please us to see from Jordan's bank
  Two graves on the "Old Arkansaw."

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Two Graves on the Old Arkansaw.

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THAT'S THE WAY TO DO.

I don't care—I think it's mean
  For my ma-ma to say
I'se never meant to be a girl—
  Because of my rough way;
Pa said, "The Creator knew his biz
  When he sent me—never fear"—
I always go with my pa-pa;
  Ma says I've got him by the ear,
  I like pa the best of the two,
He just laughs and says—
  "That's the way to do."

When I'm at school I play with Will
  'Nd all his chums as well,
'Nd when I hit the ball,
  You'd orter hear 'em yell—
"Get there, Tom!" that's what they say;
  My sure enough name is Fan;
I wonder when I'm bigger
  Will they take me for a man?

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Ma says, "Don't play fer it's naughty
to:"
Pa just laughs and says—
"That's the way to do."

Willie's just ten years old,
I'll be twelve this here July—
'Nd the boys picked on our Will
But you just bet I made 'em fly.
Ma says, "It's awful wrong to fight
And make her feel so bad"—
I'd giv 'em worse than a bloody nose,
But a bat was all I had;
Ma said, "That's the worst I've heard
of you."
Pa just laughed and said—
"That's the way to do."

Our Nell has been to college,
Wish she'd go—and stay;
Always plaguin' me to wash
'Nd dress a different way.
She makes me tell my prayers
'Fore I jump in bed;

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Guess the Lord can hear through clothes—
My feet is cold—I said;
Nell told ma and pa too,
Pa just laughed and said—
"That's the way to do."

Can you tell what Nellie meant,
When she came from Jones' tea?
Wish all the folks were like our Fan,
Free from all hy-poc-ri-sy;
With the lamp turned low last night,
Softly smiling in her dreams,
How nice it is to know
She's exactly what she seems;
I won't scold her any more—ma will you?
Pa just laughed and kissed our Nell
And said, "You oughtn't to."

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JUST NATURAL.

I stood and watched the swarming crowd,
Seemingly restless, and clamoring loud,
For some one to open the great hall door,
Which soon was packed—'twould hold no more.
The electrical spark spelled out the name
Of some wonderful person of national fame.
What is it that makes one person so great?
Some say they are lucky—attribute to fate.
Others say it is work that makes them excel;
But I sometimes think it is "just natural."

I listened to a minister that all the world has heard.
His discourse was simple—but true every word.
He told us our duty in such a nice way—
"That is correct"—each would mentally say.

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But let our own minister say it was so,
We'd make it so warm, he'd soon have to go.
Study and work may help him to tell,
But with him I am sure it was "just natural."

At the Opera a young girl was making her debut,
Her part was a minor, like every one that's new.
The leading lady's cultured tones receive the usual hand—
She was cast to favor, and, of course, it sounded grand.
A thrill went through that audience—dreamland seemed so near,
When the tender, young, sweet voice rang out so soft and clear.
A factory girl was made a star, so I heard them tell,
By that siren of her voice—that was "just natural."

Haven't you sat in awe while ponderous wheels have turned
With the accuracy of time, that some great mind had learned.

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The touching of a button seems to start the world along,
We can hear the Great discourse, the artist's gladdening song.
By one brain the world is brought into closest touch;
We might apply ourselves for years and not accomplish much.
Along that line we're not adept—but on the pinnacle,
Edison works with such ease because its "natural."

Shakespeare never wrote his plays it has oft been said,
He never graduated, he was wicked and unread.
But great and grand that primer in his childish hand,
Only one was published—only one could understand.
Reading in his pages—like looking in a well—
The reflection of ourselves seems so "natural."

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My friends don't think, they pass their time dreaming vagrantly,
They're so in love with what they do, it is a pleasantry.
My boy and girl, the world can't know every one of you,
Those who climb the heights are so very few.
But in every walk of life the same rule holds good,
We can climb much higher and faster, if we would
Do the things we like to do, and do them well,
Then success will come to us, "just as natural."

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Wasn't up last night, Parson.

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PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Wasn't up last night, Parson,
  Ain't missed for many a year
To listen to his mighty words,
  'Nd them old hymns so dear.
I've been going around of late
  To every church in town,
Just a-listenin'—kinder listenin',
  To see what each has found
'Bout savin' of the human race
  That others overlooked
By their short-sightedness in readin'
  The self same book.
'Nd I have been droppin' in
  To every Sunday School
To see if people teachin' children,
  Follow the Golden Rule.
I've found out successful preachers
  Put true thought in their speech,
And after Sunday's over
  Practice what they preach.

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Tell you what I found out Parson
'Bout a church that's strong,
Don't neglect the little children
And wait 'til they are wrong—
Like we do with our children
Just by pure carelessness.
The teachers in our Sunday School,
Why, I will confess,
Are doin' the best they can,
But they ain't made no study of a child
And do not understand
That everything they do and say
Impress that little brain.
Don't care 'bout your preachin' after
Might as well just pray fer rain.
Pears like to me we should start
Right at the fountain head,
And we can't be too careful, Parson,
'Bout what is done and said,
'Fer them little 'uns are sharp as tacks,
And them 'er who teach
Will ruin many a little one
Les' they practice what they preach.

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Will ruin many a little one.

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I'v heerd you tell your congregation,
And I believe you would
Rather talk to them 'er folks
Where you can do most good.
But ain't it kinder natural, Parson,
Fer ter want to stay
'Nd think you can do most good
Where you receive most pay?
Don't them 'er fine-haired people
Who have churches of their own,
Don't want ter mix up with common folks
'Nd rather be alone.
Don't they give yer a little extra,
Ain't particular with the price,
When ye' ease up on your sermon
'Nd say things that are nice—
Just to please 'em?—
Ain't ye' afraid you'd offend 'em
If you said just what ye thought?
You've got no power with 'em, Parson,
Cause they re'lize you'r bought;
Don't you know they'll respect you
If you say just what ye mean?
Don't you know the highest pay is
When the heart's made pure and clean?
Go after them rich fellers, Parson.

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Tell 'em the Scriptures teach
"The righteous should consider
The cause of the poor,"
And to practice what you preach.

I have come to the conclusion
'Bout this whole church affair,
We'r all doin' a little preachin'
And we'r doin' it everywhere.
Some don't even do no talkin',
But their work is one grand song,
Fer their doin' as Christ has bid them,
Jest a helpin' the weak along.
That feller who treats your sister jest
The same as his own—
Don't you think he's jest repeatin'
The Saviour's words in an undertone?
Teachin' religion is a fellow feelin',
Not fine sermons put in speech.
We'd soon find the world converted,
If we practiced what we preach.

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JEWELRY MAN.

When only a boy,
No whiskers and coy,
  When sister made my long pants,
Me and pa went to town—
"Take a dollar—go 'round,"
  He wanted to give me a chance.

"Be back here by three,"
He said unto me,
  As I left—a man in the street
Just started to hollar,
And we did all foller,
  'Nd he shouted out from his seat.

"Good neighbor come nigh,
A dollar can buy,
  Gold watch and chain—diamond pin—
Glass cutter—silver set—
Lots more—I forget—
  And then he whacked all "of 'em in."

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With dollar in hand,
I purchased and ran
To show pa what I had bought.
He laughed and did say,
"You've got lots—anyway,
Whether they're lasting or not."
The watch stopped next day,
The gold faded away,
My pop-bottle diamond was glass
"A Jay Gould!" said Nan,
"The great business man!"
The boys all called me an ass.

Of course I felt bad,
But since I've been glad,
For now when I see a great chance,
In front of me stands
That same Jewelry man,
The first time I wore my long pants.

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Love's Army.

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LOVE'S ARMY.

Fair one tell me if sweet nature,
With your beauty, has combined
To intensify all grandeur
Just to keep your face in mind.
Did the things that feed love's passion
Congress secretly with you,
All agreeing—all delighted
To play a part—to help you through?

Before that you had met me,
Did you tell the golden dawn
To brighten up all nature
So that fate would coax me on,
'Till he brought me without thinking
Where you bound me with a glance?
Then on gentle smiles you fed me,
'Till I slumebred in love's trance.

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Did the rarest charms of Venus
  Give you extra grace,
Did the God above add goodness,
  To brighten up your face?
Then did you awake me,
  Let me wander from your sight,
And when I would forget you,
  Did you whisper to Twilight
To do your entertaining
  For just a little bit?
Then hand me over to the stars,
  After they were lit?

Did they shine so by agreement,
  With that luster that seemed new?
Did every one agree, sweet love,
  To make me think of you?
Did you tell the twinkling canopy
  To take me by the hand,
And give me to old Morpheus,
  Where I saw you in dreamland?

Was Springtime at your meeting?
  Did she ask a leading part,
And say she'd make more fragrant,
  Each flower to charm the heart?

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"Songs of Love."

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Did she say that she would take me,
Where the golden sun-god sank,
And let me gaze on her sweet face,
From yonder mossy bank?
Did you plan the scene together,
Then pick an April eve,
To let my poor eyes feast a moment
On charms—that will not leave?

Did you deaden a few branches,
That the rest might look the greener,
And sink all nature in the brook,
To make it look the cleaner?
Did all the birds sing for you
Their sweetest roundelay?
Was it for you they washed their plumage?
For you they looked so gay?

Did you send the roses after me
When I ran from you?
And when they could not catch me
Did you tell the violets to?

* * * *

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Call in your merry helpers,
O! Cupid, they've been true;
They found me, bound me with love's chains,
And brought me here to you.
Assemble all together,
Flower, field and brook,
The bird, the stars, the fairyland,
All charming things that took
Part in my captivity
In this triumphant scene—
While I surrender to my love,
Of beauty you are queen.
Put me in love's prison,
For there I fain would dwell
With you—a whole life's term,
Let your own heart be my cell.

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Angel of Spring.

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SHE IS OF AGE TODAY

I just got back from that 'ere town,
Where th' darned old street car chased
me down.
Nell didn't know I'd gone, or why I went
'away—
T'was to buy her a golden bracelet,
Fer she is of age today.
Nell—is my only daughter,
'Nd only child at home,
When Sam and Bill become of age,
I looked fer them to roam.

But when I wus ridin' home today,
Thought after thought did pour,
'Bout young girls who come of age,
Especially them that's poor.
My heart went out fer them pore souls
Who clerk from morn till night,
Their pay's so small—their sex so weak,
Temptations far from right.

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You who have a daughter,
And her mother taken away,
Have felt the love and pain I felt,
As I rode along today.
A casket covered with roses,
Some earth that was dropped with a prayer.
Poor Sam and Bill was kissen'—
To still little Nellie's awful despair.
Yes, Stranger, it's six years ago,
Since she was laid to rest,
Aint raised Nell same as dear wife would,
But Lord knows I've done my best.

She finished our deestrick school—at home,
Went to college with Sam and Bill;
'Nd fer three straight years she took music,
And her diligence paid all the bill.
An' I tell you she worked with a will.
Them letters and smiles and her lovin' caress,
Have been my only sunshine,
Since her dear mother's death.

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"I'll always love you just the same."

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But I hav'n't told ye all—my friends,
That I have brought to her—
What do ye think of that seal-skin
That I paid a hundred fer?
A week ago to-night she said—
"Daddy—I have—a surprise"
With her little arms around my neck,
And kisses to blind my eyes.

"You are the dearest Daddy,
In all this world I know,
I've told you of my love for Will,
But a father's blessing should go.
Don't you know, dear Daddy,
That next Monday I'll be of age?
I'll always love you just the same,
Shall I—say, shall I engage?

"There is your kiss, and I'm happy,
Since you hugged me so.
It's a lovin' way—you have to consent,
When the lump in your throat seems
to grow.

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We'll both come a week from to-night
And take you by the hand.
Sam and Will is coming too—
Look up—say won't that be grand?

"There, Daddy, please don't cry no more,
I know it's hard to part.
You know that a girl's life is love,
Soft and mellow the music that first touches the heart.
Daddy you've seen young lives failing,
Some even reckless and bad,
Don't censure—they 're objects of pity,
They've been robbed of some grand love they had

"Lean on my shoulder, dear Daddy,
Put your face nearer to mine,
Don't you know I've been talking to mama—
Not dreaming but something divine—
She said, 'Every girl with a life that is shattered,
Has offered a prayer soft and low,
For that wretch who has left broken hearted
One soul to drift here below.'

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"She said, 'That man won't prosper,
No matter how much he may own.
His pleasures are only the seeming,
And the true man is sad and alone.'
Kiss me before I retire,
With that love that's now all aglow,
Then pray for us all, dear Daddy,
With that love I have just come to know."

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I LIKE HER AND TOMMY, TOO.

I'm seven years old, you know,
An' I'll be older when I grow,
An' be as big as Tommy White,
Who wuz a rag-tag an' could fight;
Fer when Joe Suthers picked on me,
Tommy said, "Look here, you let 'im be."
Tommy said he didn't care
If I licked Joe, but 'twasn't fair
Fer him to lick and pull my hair;
An' teacher licked him fer lickin' me,
An' Iz uz glad uz I could be,
'Cause I like her an' Tommy, too,
W-e-l-l, w-o-u-l-d-n-'-t y-o-u?

Sum boys don't like their teacher, any 'tall,
S'pose that's 'cause she makes 'em bawl.
I wish she'd whip me, too, when I am bad,
'Stead a kissin' me, and make me sad.
Other day she said, "Willie, you spell cow,"

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All of 'em laffed when I said, "I don't
know how."
And then I cried, an' teacher come an'
smoothed my hair,
And kissed me some, an' pointed to a cow
picthir that wuz there;
She said, "you can spell this now?"
And Tommy whispered "C-o-w," "Cow,"
An' her an' Tommy helped me through,
An' I like her an' Tommy, too,
W-e-l-l, wo-u-l-d-n-'-t y-o-u?

Teacher lives with us, you see;
Th' boys say it's why she's good to me.
Pa said, "She's old 'nuff to scare,"
An' ma said, "If she was young and pretty
she couldn't live there;"
An' I tell'm she's the bestest teacher every-
where.
Last supper time—"How old are you?" I
said.
An' pa looked an' said, "Shut up! or go to
bed."
She looked at ma and said, "Please pass
th' bread;"

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"I get in his buggy."

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Ma looked at pa, and passed the cake instead;
An' then Tommy come fer me to go to the show,
An' teacher give me ten cents, an' ma said, "Let him go."
An' I didn't go to bed, but we flew;
An' I like her an' Tommy, too;
W-e-l-l, w-o-u-l-d-n-'-t y-o-u?

A feller here last Sunday what's her beau;
He's got fast horses an' makes 'em go.
Pa called him Tom, and I did,
"Call him Mister White, little boy like you."
I get in his buggy and take his whip and play,
While pa helps him unhitch and take his team away.
When he comes teacher takes her hair
Down, an' puts it on her head where it's bare;
An' I see her every week
Take some flour an' put right on her cheek.
'Hm, but she didn't fool him, he could tell
'Twas her, for he knowed her dress so well;

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An' I went in the parlor, an' she
Took me right up and kissed me:
He said to her he wished he's small;
I telled him I wished I uz tall,
An' she telled me where's some nuts to
crack
Out in the kitchen, an' he give me a quarter
an' said, "Come back—
Next—Sunday," and he'd give me two;
An' I like her an' her Tommy, too,
W-e-l-l, w-o-u-l-d-n-'-t y-o-u?

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THAT'S ME.

You've all met homesick people,
  Somewhere in life's run,
Who wanted to see their dear folks,
  You roast them—just for fun.
One poor fellow—was so sick
  That he nearly died,
Actually, it was a fact,
  That great big baby cried.
Who was that awful booby?
  First you promise me,
That you'll never, never tell—
  They say he looks like me.

You all know young men
  Who haven't got a "sou".
Now they take the other street,
  Because they're owing you.
I know a trifling fellow,
  Who touched every one he met,

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And when he saw them coming,
You ought to see him get.
Who was that striking fellow?
First, you promise me,
That you'll never, never tell—
Why, he resembles me.

Haven't you known softies
Who do nothing else but spoon?
Of all disgusting people
I believe it is that "loon".
He spends all his time
Like a little pup;
He seems to think to win a girl
He has to just gum up.
Who is that brainless cur?
Girls —you promise me,
That you'll never, never tell—
Then take a look at me.

Haven't you known people
As perfect as the day?
When anything is going wrong,
It's your fault, they will say,
I know just such a person;
What he does is right,

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Looking at the world, you know,
  According to his light.
Now don't you ever, ever tell
  Whatever else you do,
My Christian friend, don't you think
  That person may be you?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

I WON.

Well, neighbors, since I've been called on
To make a little speech,
I'll show you I've always got one
Right in the proper reach.
Don't fret to think it's lengthy,
Fer this here concern;
Fer I want to tell you, kind people,
We've all got lots to learn.
You've heerd 'em lecture on success
In a rented suit of clothes,
But when I talk they must lay down,
'Tis the practical thing that goes.
And a little sketch of my own life
Will be just as good to you
As some of them 'ere fellers
Who've been dead a century or two.
Fer every game that I have played
Fer marbles or fer fun,
Just ask the folks around our place
'Nd they'll tell you that I won.

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When I was back there on the farm
Where we work eight months, you know;
There was four months for our schoolin'
But we had our nights—to grow;
I can see the scholars standin'
Round that old cracked stove so plain,
Can see the rags stuck in the winders
Fer to stop the snow and rain;
Can hear the teacher sayin' yet,
There's a prize to give away
To him or her who speaks the best
On Friday—the last day.
'Twasn't a minute 'fore I said
"I can beat any person there
Unless it be that Sally Brown
Who spoke at the County fair."
'Twas Sal and I fer it
And so we did agree
We'd pick a judge apiece
'Nd the teacher—she'd be three.
Now you can see the practical
To show that I'm not slow.
I picked Jennie Young—not fer her wit,
But Sally took her beau;
The next thing on the program
It was plain fer me to do,

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Scholars standin' 'round that old cracked stove.

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Was to honey up that teacher,
'Nd I did it—proper too.
There was a dance and two big shows
In town that week—and so,
When I asked if I could take her
Girl-like she didn't say no.
That schoolma'am weighed just ninety pounds
Countin' her glasses and false hair—
I told her how I hate big girls,
And her complexion was all there.
She said, "I'm just seventeen,"
'Nd I was too—plus one;
Of course I didn't influence her,
But on Friday—why, I won.

Things got to movin' a little too slow
Down on that farm for me,
Thought I'd try town life awhile,
That's why I'm here you see;
Got a job down at Twister's mill,
At the far end of the town,
Fell in with some chaps
'Nd at night we went around,
'Nd like many other thoughtless boys
With no particular place to go

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Went into one of them 'ere places
Where there's looking glasses—you know.
One night some fellers said to me,
Come on, Rube, and take a hand,
Told them 'twould be very foolish too
Fer first I'd have to understand
The game—one sharp said,
"Go on, ye guy." Guess you are your mother's son.
That feller stayed in several days
They call me boss, cause I Won.
That kind o' weighed on me awhile.
Fer it was different than mother taught.
That is, I'm sorry 'bout goin' in,
Didn't care—cause I fought.
And after that when them boys
Come fer me to go
To them 'ere places
I give 'em a talk 'nd told 'em "No.
I've noticed that yer all kind boys,
Like ye all—'tis true—I do,
'Spose ye all got mothers, boys,
If ye ain't—I pity you.
Now if some person should come along
And hurt her feelin's in any way,

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Wouldn't you take the rashest means
Fer that insult to repay?
Don't you know, now boys—be square—
'Twould hurt your mother
To know yer there?
And another thing, we all do think
We're not the ones that's going to the brink;
Ah, boys! wiser heads than us have fell."
That's all I said, fer we all knew well
And did agree that we could find
Some better place to spend our time.
"Now boys," I said, "last night,
I found some people who
Have rented some rooms
'Nd furnished 'em, too,
With books and papers fer every one,
Th' grave, th' gay, th' old, th' young,
Some are serious, and some are fun."
It seemed but a little thing
But that night we begun;
Went down to them rooms, that changed three lives;
In after years, I count I won.

Digitized by Google

But it wasn't all of readin'
That attracted of me there,
But who she was that sat across
I inquired everywhere;
Can't say that she was proud
But stately, if you will,
For she had that kind of dignity
That wouldn't give you a chill;
I noticed her fer months,
'Nd sometimes I could see
When I looked up quick,
She kinder glanced at me;
I thought it accidental, though,
When she cast her eyes this way
'Nd let it go, 'nd only said
"She's a character in some grand play."
Got to goin' to church
Dressin' better all the time,
Right in amongst the Christian folks
I saw that face, she looked divine,
'Nd then the congregation
All 'rose up to sing.
One voice was all that I could hear,
Never'll forget that ring.
Ah, friend, don't smile, you've felt the same
No matter where you've been;

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"Come near me, John."

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You've heard a voice like evening chimes
'Nd wished you didn't sin.
Went into business fer myself,
Made money on the raise of land,
'Nd thirty years ago today.
There was a wedding—nothing grand;
We sailed down the stream of life,
Our love asked Providence for his care,
'Nd fer nigh on twenty years,
We were blessed with more'n our share.
But one bright day ten years ago,
Alas! that day, 'twas gentle Spring
When the flowers begin to bud
'Nd the birds begin to sing;
She took her bed—a little cold
We thought—we said,
"She'll be better in a little while."
But how strange! she read
The Bible nearly all the while;
And one day in the queerest tones
I heard her say
"Come near me John, call daughters too,
I'm going away;"
She told us not to feel so bad,
For him who made our home so glad
Here on earth had called her

Digitized by Google

To that heavenly home
Where we'd soon come
No more to roam.
She kissed us all, and bid farewell,
  Her life passed out like the golden sun;
We never speak of it as death,
  For in this life a heaven we won.

Digitized by Google

LET ME DO RIGHT.

Let me do right, e'en though I see
The victors in the fight throwing stones at me.
At sin's loud gun—my friends take fright;
I must not run—let me do right.

Let me do right, e'en though I know
It sometimes grinds me to do so;
When I see wrong with prospects bright,
But 'twon't last long—let me do right.

Let me do right, let me be strong
When sin invites—to go along
Where friends are gay and seem so bright;
Help me to say, "Let me do right."

Let me do right, I know it's best;
For short the night—to day of rest.
Rest while we're here—where sin pays blight;
With conscience clear, let me do right.

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Say, Old Glory—say, would you?

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SAY, OLD GLORY—SAY, WOULD YOU?

Old Glory—old Glory—see the great dense
crowd,
The bad is mixed up with the good—
shouting just as loud.
They are proclaiming in your sight,
They all love you—just alike.
Old Glory—old Glory—did I see you blush?
Old Glory—old Glory—did you tell them
hush?
Old Glory—old Glory—can it really be
That you are proud of some humanity?
Do you ripple in the breeze
For the miser who does squeeze
From the widow her last cent,
Till to the poŏr-house she is sent?
Do you look so proud and grand
For those who mock our law's command?
If you could speak—would you say
I wish you'd kindly stay away,
You cause me grief—disgrace me, too,
Say, old Glory—say, would you?

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Old Glory—old Glory—high up in the city
Floating higher than the rest, O, my—what
a pity;
Floating o'er that massive store—
Below you are but wretched poor;
Working—slaving—all the day,
Women—children, for such pay,
With nought to live—much less to save,
Their only hope is but the grave.
Firms you're representing there,
Ain't it more than you can bear,
To see the wages that are paid?
Don't you think it does degrade
Our brother, sister—ah, such price,
Is mankind in a vice?
If our forefathers only knew,
You are floating for the few,
Wouldn't they have cause to weep?
If, old Glory, you could leap
From the base, the untrue,
Say, old Glory—Say, would you?

Old Glory—old Glory—you seem so much
at home,
Waving proudly from the height of the
great, white dome

Digitized by Google

Of our glorious capitol—where the laws
are made;
The place to be fearless, never be afraid.
To vote their honest conscience, as we all
should,
Voting for all mankind, voting for the good.
Old Glory—old Glory—what do you see
From your pinnacle? ah, such bartery!
The lawmaker in your sight
Acting under—"might is right."
If you could would you come down,
And like the Christ, when he found
In the temple all about
Money-changers—and drove them out;
Old Glory—old Glory—Don't you want to
say,
"You curse me, curse me every way;
You disgrace my Red—my White—my
Blue,
Say, old Glory—say, would you?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LITTLE OWAISSA, THE CHEROKEE.

She's a little Indian maid,
But you need not be afraid.
Once I met her on the prairie,
And she seemed so like a fairy.
She's as fair as you or me,
Little Owaissa, the Cherokee.

Her eyes are coal, and nature sweet—
May God guard her childish feet
From all the snares in future day
That she'll encounter on life's way.
A childish face—such purity,
Little Owaissa, the Cherokee.

If she could only live and stay
Brighter than the sun's gold ray,
With a life that has no guile,
She, who's but a living smile!
Some day—say, will beauty flee
From the little Cherokee?

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Little Owaissa, say, if you
Are always good, and kind and true
To everybody—study—play—
You will then be young alway,
For youth is sweet simplicity
Like Owaissa, my Cherokee.

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Little Owaissa.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN OUR DAY.

Are you hopeless because you find
The wheels of justice slowly grind?
The little force that you exert
Somewhere—sometime will wrong hurt;
Please don't give up and say,
"It can never be, in our day."

In days of yore think how they fought—
A century of moulding seems but nought;
Each hero fought for you—for me
In the common cause of liberty.
Millions on the altar lay
That right might reign "in our day."

If we stop and only think
That life is but a breath—a wink,
Would you be as beasts that feed
On human gore, while others bleed,
But a moment to please the clay,
Caring no further than our day?

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Learn, my friend, that in this life
There's but one pleasure in the strife—
It's adding to eternal light.
Others are the dogs that fight;
Like us, they eat—they sleep—they play—
Like us they live "for our day."

Great reformations were not begun,
And by a generation won:
How came our cherished liberty?
Who set the great Republic free?
Why—we are but a watery spray,
That wears the rock—"in our day."

What if we're the first to fall
Unnoticed — the wearing seems so small;
Or might we be those little drops
That sever the boulder, and see it drop;
Then to the first would we say,
"See what we did, in our day."

Digitized by Google

Let's learn a lesson from the rock and rain,
And each wash away a tiny grain
Of granite wrong in our time.
It will make each life sublime;
Don't give up, don't dismay,
Let's play our part, "in our day."

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Digitized by Google

THEY WILL ALL BE DEAD.

Mamma put them all away,
'Cause they aint a bit too many
For there's lots more graves they say
Keep every one, don't lose any.
At school today teacher told
'Bout soldiers—how they fought and bled.
They're thinning fast and growing old,
'Nd pretty soon "They'll all be dead."

When teacher was like us—so small
'Nd marched with flowers in her hand,
Same soldiers didn't bend at all
'Nd marched up quick behind the band.
They talked lots 'bout it then—
Praised them that fought, 'nd them that bled.
Maybe it makes 'em sadder now
Just thinkin' soon "They'll all be dead."

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Mamma—teacher felt so bad
She talked to us—and cried, too.
All of us felt so s-a-d,
'Cause her own papa's grave is new.
For every soldier we've got lots
'Nd his we'll make a flower bed.
For every grave Forget-me-nots,
To brighten thoughts "When all are dead."

She said, the richest we could give
Because they died—so much we owe,
That the flowers of right might live.
We pluck the richest buds that grow—
Mamma put every one away.
Kiss me now I am going to bed.
We'll remember them Memorial Day—
So will Jesus, "When all are dead."

Digitized by Google

LIKE HER.

I got an aunt, who's an old maid,
She gives me lickin'—I ain't afraid;
She teaches my Sunday School 'nd pray,
She say I'll be an angel some day,
I don't want to be an angel, not now,
'Nd she ask me "How?"
'Cause I want to grow big like you,
'Nd be an old maid angel, too.
My ma's cousin, where we go
Every summer is a widow.
She was so sad 'nd put black on,
I ask her what for—"Poor uncle John."
"Uncle John can't see cause he's dead."
Ma felt awful bad 'bout what I said,
She wears nice things now, red and blue;
I heard her say to my ma, "Would you
Think people would talk if I wear
Colors?" Ma said, "No, nor I wouldn't
care,
'Cause John been dead for four months—
then

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They whispered some 'bout other men.
Guess they didn't want uncle to hear 'bout
Mr. White,
Who kissed her, last Sunday night.
They don't think I know, cause I's told
To go out, but I seen through the keyhole.
I don't want to be like her when she's sad,
But when Mr. White calls 'nd she's glad
'Nd laughs, 'nd wears red and blue
Why I want to be a widow, part the time,
too.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"Oh, my, at first I couldn't speak."

Digitized by Google

NO PLACE LIKE THIS.

No place like home, Ma always said,
You'll find it out when you are wed,
She just hated my best beau,
And one day—just told him so.
And I cried 'till I couldn't see
But we met — er — clandestinely.
And one nice night when the moon didn't
shine—
I held his hand—er—er—he held mine.
I said, "My darling, ain't this bliss?
Home ain't in it compared with this."

But love, you know, will find a way,
And Billy said, "Let's run away,"
"What! leave my home? O should I go?"
And yet I loved the poor boy so.
Ah, my, at first I couldn't speak,
"But, dearie, I get ten a week,"
I answered with a smacking kiss,
"Let home flicker, ah, give me more of
this."

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"Vat makes dem do dot."

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VAT MAKES DEM DO DOT ?

Mine friend, I vas in love mit a yankee gal,
I come from Yermany yust six years, 'nd
make money pretty vell.
Dot gal yust come into mine store, 'nd
yust smile so sweet,
I feel yust like all over, I like dot gal to
meet.
She buys somedings, "and to-night bring
them up," and told me ver to go.
Vat makes her do like dot? it's so funny
like, you know.

In der parlor she go right avay, and play so
nice and sing,
Den—she talked so sweet und say der
nicest ding
About me, she said it would be lonely
after I vould go,
Vat makes you girls do like dot? its funny
like, you know.

Digitized by Google

After vile me go and set on der sofa—
her beside,
She told me, "O you mustn't," but move—
she don't tried,
Only she move off closer, and I yust take
one kiss, so sweet,
She told me, "How dare you, the second
time ve meet?"
I feel yust like von big fool, und told her
never mind,
"If you do der like again, why yust pull
down der blind."
Dot vas acting awful queer, say don't you
dink so?
Vat makes you girls do dot? its so funny
awful—you know.

I get me team und buggy, take her to der
teater—everyvere,
Giver her fine lots of presents, but you
know I don't care,
Me dink she be my frau—some day, but
der's von ding I don't see
Von oder feller use to call her "dear cousin"
—she tolds me.

Digitized by Google

She tolds me I look "Yust like no one, my
own dear lovely Yake."
Dot's me—me like not dot cousin, me dink
I make von break.
I say "Mine dear, ve together dree years
go,
Vat makes you girls do like dot?" "It's
so sudden, Yake you know."

Der next time dot I called on her, vat you
tink she say to me?
She vas so sorry awful, but mine sister she
vould be.
How could dot be, now I don't see,
Since I vas born, I said, "O you vant to
adopt me?"
I guess not—you yust go ahead.
I get me von nice Yerman girl, und
childrens yust a dozen,
She gets married and divorced—from dot
lovely cousin.
Vat makes you girls do dot? I don't see,
by Joe!
You'd be happier mit twelve children
den von divorce don't you know.

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A BOY AGAIN.

Here I am back in the school room again,
Back with the boys who want to be men;
'Nd there's my seat, 'nd you needn't to think
Tain't easy to prove, cause it's covered with ink.
Even the scrap paper's lyin' there yet—
When teacher comes 'round I'll be sweepin'
—you bet!

And there's Susan Jones who came into town,
Look at me whisper, 'nd see her turn round,
Then straight at the teacher, she never did fail
With a smile and a laugh—the little tell-tale.

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Aint me 'n Bill glad when it freeze 'n jes
blow,
Fer then she can't come, cause she's sickly,
you know
Then we tell our folks "we beat Jane
to-day,"
Tain't our business to tell 'em that Jane
staid away.

Say you won't tell if I tell—but that girl
they call Net,
I've been her beau a whole year—'nd I'll
tell her so yet.
Sam Frost said he liked her, but he better
keep still,
If I can't lick 'im, myself—why then I'll
get Bill.

Ain't I so glad I'm back here again,
Back with you foolish kids, who want to
be men.

Now you boys 'nd you girls come out under
this tree,
After "Ring round rose," then listen to
me.

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"Ain't I so glad I'm back here again."

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I was a man very rich, it is told
Lived in a mansion—had diamonds and gold,
Had horses and servants, went to plays—everything,
And four or five times, I dined with a king.
They didn't prove pleasures, but burdens to me;
I was weary and tired, till I met a kind Fairy
Who said, "What'll you take for your wealth and your joy?"
"Here, mother, take all, and just make me a boy."

She looked in my eyes, and soon I could see
A honey sweet sleep, jes tryin' to steal
Me away—O everything! Sweet scented flowers; then I saw
A little gold chariot the butterflies draw,
'Nd I melted and melted so awfully small,
If a lily dropped on me I would smash—that's all.

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'Nd kind Mother Fairy took a wee diamond pin
From the hair of the driver, 'nd' put me right in
'Nd back in her hair.
"Go back to the boy—tell the children take care."

I've learned a few things—I'll tell them to you;
I'd be jes as I am the whole of life through.
I'd not change a bit, not even my clothes,
Not even my shoes with them holes in the toes.
Just take that old hat with no band on at all
I'd rather have that than a silk one so tall,
Which some people wear jest to make 'em look fair
But when you deal with 'em—no honesty there
'Nd you girls better stay jes where you are
With that bloom on your cheeks you can kiss 'nd not mar.
Now when you cry, you think it does smart,
But wait till you're bigger 'nd jes cry from the heart.

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Now when you laugh, it makes you feel
good,
But then you must smile, and you'd cry
if you could.
I've told you enough of mother Fairy to-
day,
Let's just be contented to study and play.

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WHAT DO WE WANT?

What do we want?—Want anything
That you can say or do to bring
Another smile upon the face—
Another little resting-place
For those who toil so hard each day.
I'd offer them a little more pay.
They want some fruits of labor, too;
Are the millions for the few?
Want business men that are not afraid
When they speak—of losing trade.
This matter lies with you and me,
In what we want we must agree.

What do we want in church and school?
Want independence—want no tool,
Want you all—try and reach
Our daily need; then preach and teach
The school and congregation, too,
To think themselves, to act with you,

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They will do it only when
You show them just what does depend
On each; for all have pride
To do their best when satisfied
They get credit for their share.
We should notice each; it's only fair.

What do we want? We want to know
Each other—we want to grow
Humbler, kinder, with less pride;
To accomplish we must be allied.
There's too much of rotten thought—
We should be classified by "What we got."
We want less talk about the past,
We want less living a little too fast;
We want folks know—at the best
Life is but a fleeting breath.
We want each to understand
There's nothing real, nor good, nor grand
In this life but doing right.
All other deeds will be but blight
In our life—when we know
It's our time for us to go

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"I'd offer them a little more pay."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To feed the worms; it matters not
Beauty—grace, will mold and rot—
Let's bid all wrong, "Avaunt! Avaunt!"
Let reason guide—that's what we want.

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SOMETHING YOU DON'T COUNT ON.

I want to talk to you, young folks,
'Nd tell you what you'll find
Travelin' the rocky road of life,
I want to jes take down the blind
So you can peep in at experience
Of an old feller jes like me.
Perhaps it'll do ye good
If ye could only see
Somethin' that I didn't know
'Till after I'd gone
A little too far to back out—
Somethin' I didn't count on.

Of course you want to
Sow wild oats and to go the round,
Everything will go all right
Companions can be found.
They will call you a good fellow,
And drink your health away
Purty soon, and you'll awake,
In time to hear 'em say:

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"There's a fellow that's a fool,
Of wine and women fond,"
And it's certain you will land,
Yes, where you didn't count on.

When you go into business
Everything'll look clear.
For makin' money awful fast,
But ye better to prepare,
For lots o' things'll soon happen,
Ye didn't think of before.
Experienced fellows'll come along
And land ye on the floor.
They will be sure to beat you bad,
Them fellers they call a "Con";
'Nd ye'll be signing somethin',
Somethin' ye didn't count on.

There's Sally Ann dressed so gay,
All that girl did think
Was to flirt around all day,
'Nd ter laugh and wink
At Bill Hawkins' hired hand,
'Nd criticisin' other folks,
'Cause they have so many children,
'Nd jes sits round and pokes

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Lots of fun at ragged children,
While they set upon the lawn,
But she's found out since she's married,
There's ragged children she didn't count on.

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Digitized by Google

MOTHER'S BEST SOCIETY.

O mother, if I'd taken your advice,
I'd have no need to cry
In my room that's made so lonely,
By each bitter sigh.
When I left your own dear side
"My daughter," you said to me,
"Remember that plain and honest
people
Are the best society."

I loved my mother—but I thought,
After I was in school awhile,
The better class were those with money,
And knew how to fling on style.
I attended reception—party—ball,
Fashion was my world—you see
Ignoring plain and honest people,
"Mother's best society."

Digitized by Google

O, Mother, what you said so true—
They did talk and act so sweet.
And to-night must I go
With those whose life is vain deceit.
The party dress—the brooch—the ring,
These poisoned dies, to look charmingly.
How gladly I would trade them all
For "Mother's best society."

That handsome fellow—bewitching eyes,
Whom we call the charming boy,
Who never had a pure thought—
He's the social star, that decoys
Each budding flower, yes each dupe
By his sweetened flattery.
Curse them all and let me go
With "Mother's best society."

There's two girls coming now,
One is rich and one is poor,
They are studious—pure—simple-minded,
Sunshine from their souls do pour.
I'll invite them in each day
And take them home with me,
How proud will be my dear old mother
In "Her best society."

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Digitized by Google

Half dreaming, half thinking, of life.

Digitized by Google

THE DREAMER'S AWAKENING.

While quietly seated in my chamber alone,
Half dreaming, half thinking, of life as a foam,
And how we are bought and how we are sold,
My only glad thought—I was nearing the goal;
Nearing that time when old King Decay
Would just come and claim me, and take me away—
Away to that shore they call the Unknown—
And all those who suffer, I'll leave them alone.
What can I do in that fight against wrong—
A weakling like me against that great throng
Is soon thrust aside or told I must hush,
So I humbly subdue and go with the rush.

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Human nature at best is prone to lust,
And cankerous deceit eats out the just;
One in the crowd—like a drop in the seas.
Let the banner of wrong unfurl in the breeze.

I heard a loud laugh—took my hand from my head,
Threw down my feet, and a volume half read,
Went to the window—through the lattice could see
Sweet little faces, just smiling with glee.
Even the mother with a child tagging there,
Hung out her clothes while she lullabyed care.
Down through the long lane came some boys on the run,
And with them old Carlow was enjoying the fun.

Over the fence the newsboy just threw
Fresh news of the morning, and was whistling too.
One of those airs that makes life so gay,
And we all try the chorus when the show goes away.

Digitized by Google

I put on my hat—went out in the street,
'Nd I walked, 'nd I walked for I wanted to meet
Some person, some face—didn't know who,
As I sauntered along—"George, is that you?"

And at the same time on my shoulder did feel
The hand of some person, and as I half wheeled
Round, and faced a man standing there;
He was a stranger except his eyes and hair.
We exchanged glances and words—as you all have done
With your friend in the city—while half on the run.
"Aint your name George Brown?"—half doubting, half sure.
"That is my name," and "I've seen you before."

"My name is Jim Sax, the son of old Joe,
I came from New York just ten years ago."

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"Old Captain Joe." Of course I knew
him,
"And you are his son, my dear old chum
Jim.
Give me that hand again—God bless you
old man.
What are you doing—say how can
I help kissing you—you grown up boy;
Where shall we go—you treasure—you
joy."
We walked and we talked 'till luncheon
time came
About olden times — you've done the
same.
"I must get back to my business," said
he.
And we said in chorus, "You must come
and see me."
After luncheon was over I hurried back
home
Thinking of old Jim, and how folks will
roam
And how we'd laugh — when we meet
again
'Bout our old sweethearts who married
old men.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"'Nd drank in the sunshine."

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Went up to the room—opened the shutters
up some,
'Nd drank in the sunshine just as fast as
she'd come.
What is the use of me feeling blue
With smiles all around me and old Jimmy
too?
Everything in that room was filled with
new life
And all that was needed was a sweet
little wife,
And little curly-locks would be all right,
I guess—
But hold on old fellow or I'm afraid you'll
confess.

I guess the same power that steered Jim
to me
Gave me a boost and helped me to see
That the sweet little girl—who borrows
my books
And who talks, and who talks, while I feed
on her looks
Don't throw out them smiles so killingly
sweet—
For some old dead author—she never did
meet.

Digitized by Google

Wasn't it strange? There was a note and her card—
"Please come down, Mr. Brown, this book is so hard—
'Nd you know so much, 'nd you're so good
I hated to ask you, but I just knew you would,
I told my mamma all about you,
'Nd she thinks you're just lovely—honest, she do.
You'll remember the number—six hundred and eight
On Calumet Street, and I'll just wait
For I'm dying to know
All about Shakespeare—honest, 'tis so.
You'll excuse me, I pray, for this long note—
Say you won't be mad—just because that I wrote?
I couldn't talk to you 'fraid I would blush.
Good-bye, Mr. Brown, Yours truly, May Rush."

May Rush, well I should just say,
This is my chance and I'll rush the dear May.

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Where were my senses—why couldn't I see
Those sparkling eyes — illumed bright for me.
I looked at the clock and saw it was three;
I won't do a thing, but fix up and see
How fine and how nice I can make myself look;
No more "old bachelor" too long on the hook.
I took out ten shirts, but none would just do—
Either torn a bit or a little spot or two.
I looked at my hat and my shoes and my tie,
And for the first time they looked shabby—in my one eye.
One thing I had would certainly suit
Was my best suit of clothes—they were handsome—yes cute.
How lucky I was they were finished that day,
Thought I got 'em for winter—guess I got 'em for "May."

Digitized by Google

Passing the window I noticed just then,
A boy, and I hollowed, "O Johnny--a--Ben--"
He looked up at me, "Come here little man,
I've got something for you,'' and boy-like
he ran.
"You're a nice little fellow—how old are
you?
Do you go to school—and your teacher is
who?"
"Yes sir; I'm twelve; I'm younger than
Bess;
But I'm bigger'n her—'cause I grow faster,
I guess.

"'Nd she just beat me in her classes, you
know,
Cause she's just little—when I started to
go;
I don't like my teacher—'cause Bess is
her pet
Jes 'cause she can spell longer words than
I can spell yet.''
"Now you stay right there"—and I sat
down and wrote
The things that I wanted, and gave him
the note,

Digitized by Google

And fifty cents, too,—very liberal that time—
He can thank May—for forty—me for the dime.

After tumbling and shuffling for three hours or more,
A thousand times to mirror—to scan myself o'er,
I never looked so young and so fresh, so they say
As when I had finished to see my dear May.
Went down to the house and saw her dear ma.
Although I looked good, I felt awfully raw;
In my new suit of clothes with my new mother in-law—
Just like all the rest, she had plenty of jaw.

May tumbled at last—in the parlor we went—
She took down the album, which over we bent.
She showed me all of her family tree,
Or at least all that I wanted to see.

Digitized by Google

"Please play something on the piano,"
said I—
"Now you know I can't play, but I'll just
try–
Don't laugh—I'll try this new piece—for
you anyway."
You girls say the same and practice all
day.

"Now Miss Rush, bring your book here,
And turn to the page you want me make
clear."
She took "Old Shak" down, but the print
was so fine
I intuitively drew her chair toward mine;
She turned to the scene of Juliet fair,
Weeping o'er the body of Romeo there.
"'Nd why did Mr. Shakespeare end his
plays so
Tragic—so awful for those that love so?
Say, Mr. Brown, don't you think Mr.
Shakespeare was mean
That he didn't wake 'em up in the sleep
scene?
I'm in love with a stranger whom mamma
don't know,

Digitized by Google

I don't want any Capulet and Montague
show.
Say, Mr. Brown, read this,'' she said,
And at the same time leaned her soft
silken head
Nearer to me—she turned the page 'bout
half way
Her fingers touched mine and I just let 'em
stay
Right where they were — well I didn't
care;
They didn't feel heavy, but divine I de-
clare.
The verse that I read was on the page that
she held—
Our faces were as close as iron you
weld.
"Say, Mr.—Mr. Brown, don't you think
it was sad?''
It had gone far enough, for we both had it
bad.
I suppose I acted nervous and shy for my
age—
After the first kiss of love—how romantic—
engaged.

Digitized by Google

Romantic, you'll say—when I told her of Jim
'Nd found her sister had divorced him—
Curtain that scene from my sight O, I pray—
Say! Father in Heaven, won't you veil it away?
A fatherless child—sunken eyes—broken heart,
The wrecks of true love, that slander did part.
I'm wicked I know, but Christ heard that prayer,
"Undeaden Jim's heart, and put the truth there.
Show him that look that I saw in her face
That sweet look of innocence, that no wrong can deface.
Give me all power when I go to Jim—
Sing from the Heavens that beautiful hymn—

"'Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.'"

Digitized by Google

How sweet the wedding chimes, upon the evening air;
You've heard of two hearts that beat as one;
But four as one beat there.
Now in that same chamber where I was blue that day,
The banner of right is waving—the wrong is far away.

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WOODEN BRIDGES.

My boy and girl, when you were small
Just a little tot,
We have done things that we hadn't ought.
Nothing bad, but reckless like,
Such as walking o'er a stream
Seeing who could come the nearest
To the edge of some old beam.
Or seeing how far we could climb
Out on some small limb,
Or may be in deep water
Daring someone out to swim.
Then we've been walking wooden bridges—
But children I love you so
I want to warn you of some bridges
Over which you must not go.

You each day are building bridges
Strong as steel or weak as wood;
Wooden pillars are evil actions,
Metal footing are the good.

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Each of you through life must travel
The bridge you build to-day;
O! be careful of its structure
Else some day you'll fall away—
Fall into the raging torrent
Where fierce white-caps await you,
And you'll be mangled on the ledges
For little things to-day you do.

How do you treat father—mother.
That will often tell;
Are you chiseling lines of sorrow
On her face who loves you well?
Are you "larger" than your father?
Then my child you'll rue
For some day without a warning
Your bridge will fall and let you through.

Nothing can be gained, my children,
By turning from the right;
Look at people all about you
Examples in your sight.
I want to see each one of you
Build your bridge of steel,
All the world can stand upon it,
And how safe you'll feel.

Digitized by Google

I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT.

I cried myself to sleep last night
  My heart felt bitter pain.
He did not sting me with the words
  We must not meet again.
I cried myself to sleep last night,
  For I loved him so;
He never called me darling
  Or whispered words of love.

I cried myself to sleep last night,
  For him I chanced to meet
And with a smile I tried to win,
  And bring him to my feet.
I cried myself to sleep last night
  For I loved him so;
He never called me darling,
  Or whispered words of love.

Digitized by Google

I cried myself to sleep last night
With a broken heart;
It seemed that when our eyes had met
We ne'er again should part.
I cried myself to sleep last night,
For I loved him so;
He never called me darling
Or whispered words of love.

It was but a woman's maddening love,
That brought pangs to my breast;
My dearest friend stood in the way
Of him I loved the best.
I cried myself to sleep last night,
For I loved him so;
He never called me darling,
Or whispered words of love.

I cried myself to sleep last night,
As the wedding chime
Told me that I'd lost my love,
For a whole life time.
The wedding march brought forth my smile
As I stood by his bride.

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But in my heart a funeral dirge—
For my own love had died.
I cried myself to sleep last night,
For I loved him so;
He never called me darling,
Or whispered words of love.

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Little Rosa Lee.

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LITTLE ROSA LEE.

So, boys, you think I'm homesick,
Because I'm sad and still;
W-e-l-l, I've been thinking of my trip,
And one thing seems to fill
My old heart with tenderness—
And such a little thing—
But it softens so my nature
More 'en buds or birds that sing.
Yes—boys—it was a girl, that captivated me,
And I was thinking what I might have been
If I had sweet Rosa Lee.

She always used to smile so sweet
Before I went away,
And come into my office
Almost eyery day.
Our love was just as pure, as sacramental wine.

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I gave her many presents, but she never
wrote a line.
No new suitor had estranged us,
For it was plain to see
Those sparkling eyes flashed out the love
Of little Rosa Lee.

There was something in her life
That spoke of love divine,
What heart buds blossom brighter,
Than a loving child just nine.
O, mother—father with your child
Don't you pity me—
What is life without the care
Of little Rosa Lee.

Digitized by Google

JOSIAH'S EXCUSE.

Why, howdy do, and how are you? O my,
I've been detained;
I was so 'fraid I couldn't be here to shout
in freedom's name!
You see I'm kind er nervous like—stage
fright, you may say,
But I'd a hot time leavin' home, and hotter
on the way.
I s'pose you'd like to know how all this
came about.
And now I'll try to explain before I begin
to spout.

When your committee rote to me 'bout
this speech of mine,
My wife, Cleopatra, said she see I'd have a
suit just fine.
And often I'd rit and rote, and rit and rit
and rote again.
Then I'd rub some out, then I'd put some
in,

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Cleopatra said, "How fine! You rite like
Jefferson!"
Then I'd tell her to be still—you know
you're makin' fun.
Rite like Jefferson! yes, "I don't think;"
Old "Jeff" he used a quill—me, a pen and
ink.
And after I got it all boiled down, and
summed up all the fights,
Cleopatra shouted, "That 's hot, you can
bet your stars and stripes!"
Now look-a-here, I shall not bet my stars
and stripes away;
For when I get into town, you'll hear the
people say,
"There's the man who lost our flag—he
gambled it away."

When I got up this mornin', I almost had
a trance;
My coat and vest was all O K—but you'd
orter seen my pants:!
Too big? Say, you've seen them er bloomer
girls when their limbs had too much
bloom?

Digitized by Google

You've seen the dear little dudelet when
his legs had too much room?
You've seen them er sick fellows who came
back from the war,
And noticed how their clothes would fit,
when they'd been stout afore?
You've seen the Mother Hubbard girl,
whose dress filled up the room?
And you've felt like telling her, "My girl,
yer plucked too soon!"
And now you've some idee of me a standin'
there,
And if I couldn't see my pants, I'd swear
my limbs were bare!
But when my wife and two big girls got at
that pants—by gee!
'Twasn't an hour before she'd fit like the
paper—don't you see?
And then they hustled 'round the room and
got everything just so—
You'd think I had two speeches—like a
feller at I know,
Them kars was bout three miles away
that brought me to your town,
And then a dress rehearsal—you orter seen
me get around!

Digitized by Google

I took across the pasture and struck a big
oak tree,
Threw down my speech and shouted,
"Feller citizens! We are free!"
I named over all the battles I could think
of—and some more,
And told them how we licked John Bull
and spilt the British gore;
I shouted to that audience — of cattle
standin' there,
And told 'em, "It's a corker how Johnny
took the scare."
That remark gave offense to a feller, I
could see;
For he made one dive in my direction—and
I lit right up that tree!
Now you can tell why I am here without
my speech—I guess,
But if you'll go back after it—why—I'll
finish my address!

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"Heard some boys tellin'."

Digitized by Google

ELOCUTIONARY MAN.

Heard some boys tellin' what they were
goin' to do.
They say that I am simple, and over-
grown too.
"I want to be a doctor," said little Will
Brown;
"I want to be a lawyer," and so they all
go round.
I am goin' to fool 'em all, you jest wait
and see,
Fer an elocutionary man is what I'm
goin' to be.

I want to be jest like him who came to our
town,
'Nd let us boys in free, fer passin' bills
around.
'Nd sellin' tickets to church folks, and say
"Half is fer the poor."
Pa said, "I judge all 'es by the 'Prince
A'—the speaker wore."

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All us fellers set in front, and old women just come in
Who wouldn't go to other shows, cause it is a sin.
I'll try and make a face like him, so just look at me,
Fer an elocutionary man is what I'm goin' to be.

He don't need no opera-house; he can show most anywhere,
Churches, schools, new barns, cheese factories, open air.
I'm goin' to try the ravin' act, a disappointed "Dad."
"Go—go—leave my sight, you've cursed me, made me mad!
What have I done? What have I done? O! Nora, what have I said?
Driven my only child from home; ah! ah! would that I were dead."
Of course I'm only foolin', for a dead man's worse, by gee',
Than an elocutionary man like I want to be.

Digitized by Google

We travel cheaper than the rest, fer one's
the whole blame show,
I'm goin' to play Uncle Tom's Cabin, fer
that is bound to go.
I will be Massa, Massa George, and Little
Eva who does say
"Come, Uncle Tom, come in the garden
and play."
Then I'd be old Mark, who sits down just
so,
"I got the law and the power, and power
and law you know.''
I'll be the quaker too, who helps Eliza in
her flight,
"I'll be tee-totally chawed up, if I don't get
that woman across to-night.''
I'll be the little kid with his poor mamma,
And tell the quaker, "No, sir; I don't
chaw—"
One feller I'd hate to be 'nd say "Blast
your old black soul,''
Like that bad Si Legree,
When I'm an elocutionary man, like I
want to be.

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American Knight.

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AMERICAN KNIGHT.

With rich and wilting plumes,
  And glittering array
Of shining sword and buckles,
  In olden day,
A gallant knight with warlike armour
  Prayed to wed his lady-love
By daring bravery, and to her said:
  "Oh, lady fair, lend listening ear
To me who kneel,
  While I, with defective language,
My love for you reveal.
  What magic in thine eyes
When first we met, pray tell,
  That made me feel to win you was my heaven;
To lose you was my hell.
  To court a single smile
Have I not bocked a hundred dashing adversaries,
  That you may hear the common talk.

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Oh, lady, how oft have I used my gold
as dross,
To please your finer senses—at any
cost.''

Our gladiator who pauses and strikes
Like a polar bear,
He, too, is "dead game" poor boy,
For some lady fair;
While on the field—how fierce
He seemed to grow
When some college girl waved her ker-
chief,
Screaming "Go.''
With straining eyes and shout—so
loud—
She madly jumps ten steps at once—
And rushing through the crowd
Embracing him—bleeding, limping,
lame—
What care we for fractured heads
since we won the game?
A reception, Charlie, dearest, for your
team to-night!

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In the parlor they were seated.

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Say, you're a peacherine, you kicked
her out of sight.

* * * * *

In the parlor they were seated
Closer than I care to tell;
Another maiden's heart was gladdened
All because he kicked so well.

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TALKING OUT LOUD.

Back in my school days
There was a Sam Hill;
He disturbed the school every way.
It seemed that he wouldn't, or couldn't
keep still;
And one night the teacher did say
"I have concluded that you are not
right,
And if you'd stayed home and plowed
We'd never have known
Your head was so light—but we do—
Since you've been talking out loud."

Teacher and scholars no more I'll see,
But that saying I'll never forget—
On the street—in the car—incessantly
There's a lot of Hill's showing off yet.

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There's Mr. Adviser, who talks everywhere,
His voice can be heard in each crowd;
You will find his trouble—right under his hair—
He's a case of talking out loud.

There's the young traveling-man—decidedly new,
Who monopolize all the hotel,
There's the chattering box in society, too,
Great Gods! but don't they both yell?
It's the old case of Burns and his louse
And the woman in church so proud;
They think it is wisdom entertaining the house,
But it's an idiot talking out loud—.

To preach or to teach—entertain—are you fit?
If so, start up a school;
You'd look real well in a pulpit,
Join a show, and act out the fool.

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But don't go around with a lot of cheap

For the police should be allowed
To put you right safely under the lock—
You people, always talking out loud.

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MY LOVE.

My love—of you I will write,
Not Rosalind, Gertrude or Sue,
  Only one has my heart?
Ah no, each noble woman
With passion of love—I love you—
  Each has a part.
Let them upbraid you who may
Because their own suit was denied
  I will not.
Ah! man, with your selfish desires
You look at this matter one side,
  And you thought
Every woman designing
Because little bright eyes
  Changed her affections—
And told you, as you would tell her
And now—you all woman despise
  Because—your rejection.—
No petty quarrel with mad fancy
Can change my great love for your name;
  Nothing can mar

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In the sunshine of life.

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They can tell me about your shortcoming
But women—I love—just the same
As you are.

If love begets love as was taught me
Then to every woman a love debt I owe
Regardless of sin.

In the sunshine of life Sweet girlhood
You thought men so noble, I know;
Have they been?
To-day in your wretchedness — poor woman—
I see you with Christ at the well.
What's He saying?
Go where the shadows are falling
To her in that vast prison cell
Say I'm praying
For some one whose days are all darkness
And whose young life was gentler than dew.
You're better to-day
Than the woman that scorns
And entertains the assassin of you,
A cast away.

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You who fight sin hand to hand.

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God pity you—fair minglers of scandal,
Stamping your own sex with shame
You should love.
Don't turn away, see how love changed her
Not me, but his name
Who's above.

I love the strong-minded woman,
They say you're out of your place;
But I'm sure its time for your hearing
Or they'll forget you belong to the race.
Wait no more.
Speak out—assert the rights of a woman
You who are ladened with care
I love you too
Because you make sin very nervous
When you act with your prayer
Like you do.
Oh, noble, kind-hearted good woman,
You who fight sin hand to hand
Your life consecrated to right
In the recesses of my heart—So cowardly—
Heaven knows of a love more than grand,
Sister stand in the fight.

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Woman of beauty.

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Woman of beauty, I stagger with love
At your form, your figure, your grace,
  Your soft lillied arm
And that rosy red flush,
The sweet smile that dimples your face.
  Neck curved to charm
Buoying your soft silken hair
Displaying an exquisite taste,
  Call it vanity.
I never grow weary—the rustle of skirts
And the grace of your movement in haste.
  Ah, sweet humanity!
Yes, the maiden with longings and dream-
    ings,
Swelling bosom, hot kisses and sighs,
  Yes, voluptuously,
I'm in love with your feverish passion;
Your love song—your melting blue eyes—
  Feed my gallantry.

Now, loved one, bring me the toast cup,
When I say love—that means you—
But stay—if it is filled with the rich racy
    wine—
Bring nothing so false—so untrue—
  Fling it away.

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Go where wild flowers are blooming
At the base of some old oaken tree.
  There the goblet fill up
With fresh sparkling water
And loved one—bring it to me.
  Now let me sup
To my love, who fills the world with ambition,
Purity, sweetness and grace,
  Queen, may you reign
O'er this great land
Till you drive every sin from each place
  Leaving no stain.

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YOUTH.

Ah! youth, how soundly do you sleep,
Life's dream is o'er, you're at the feet
Of all tenderness and all love,
Looking at you from above.

* * * * *

Friend do not say, gone too soon.
Death, when it comes, is but a boon
To them who go—and we who stay—
Have no fear—he's shut away
From all sin, and grief and care.
No more sorrow—no more to bear—
Words and books that men do write
Take away—put out of sight,
Men are erring and so weak.
Come with me—let us seek
And look upon His face once more
Who died for all—Then I'm sure
Surcease there we will find
For that youth so good and kind.

* * * * * *

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Youth.

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Come, sister—brother—come away,
Linger not—it's but clay you're gazing on.
The loving brother—he has gone—
Rejoicing, singing on his way

"I would not live alway,
I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises
Dark o'er the way."

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TIME TO KILL.

Say my dear children
  Do you want to see,
When you grow up
  What you're going to be?
See that young man
  Who gets the best pay,
Always industrious,
  Never idle a day.
See that young girl
  Who don't feel above
Helping her mother,
  We can't help but love.
You with good standing
  Their places will fill,
For in their school days
  No time did they kill.

You who whisper
  And idly let
Your time pass by—
  Say "Teacher got pets."

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Yes—they are pets,
And will always be too;
You'll take a back seat
The whole of life through.
You'll be as much like 'em
As the seeds that you till
Will be like its growth
Because time did you kill.

Take a glance at yourself
When you grow old;
High standing brings wealth
Position and gold.
Not one of you scholars
Expects to be poor,
And live upon charity
Like the tramps at your door.
They were once children,
But they waited until
Their chances were dead
Because time did they kill.

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LOVERS ON THE 'PHONE.

Did you ever ring up "Central"?
When you wanted some one quick?
But there was talking on the line,
That almost made you sick?
You wait a few minutes,
You wonder who it is
That's talking awful silly,
And you forget your "biz"—
Hello—Centeral—Hello,
You say in an undertone,
"Hello—hello—hello—"
To the lover on the 'phone.

You know it's not your party,
When you hear a sweet "hello,"
Then you sing out "It's me,"
Then she unwinds, you know.
"Hello—hello—hello. Charley,
Where were you last night?
Don't you think you fooled me?
I was right there in sight."

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Why—now you want to know,
And you lower your tone,
Thinking you will fool
The "lover on the 'phone."

* * * * *

You can take that nice widow,
It's all off—yes—to-day.
You'll look fine together,
Charley and his little May."
Now you're more tickled
And you have grown
Interested in the story,
Of the "lover on the 'phone."

"Charley you had better not
Come down on Monday night,
Have made other arrangements
With a drummer—'out of sight.'
Say—did we have a hot old time?
Say—but ain't he swell?
They took us to the opera—
Wouldn't I catch—well,
I don't want to say—
But if it's ever known
To Mr. Gates'—you recognize
The "lover on the 'phone."

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Say—you got lots of fun
  By sticking in your nose,
Like all of curious listeners
  Not as funny—as you suppose.
You didn't laugh so much,
  When she said "Tra-la-la-"
You sighed a few little sighs,
  And breathed a long a-h.
Why you are Gates that's listening.
  That sweet girl is your own.
How many broken hearts there'd be,
  If we all loved on the 'phone.

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WHEN FRIENDS ARE DEAD.

O! Death! O! Death! you startle me;
Injured—Death—Fatality.
Gone, yes gone back to earth,
Intelligence—you shroud all mirth!
So suddenly my heart is still
At him lying there, so sad and still
In his tomb, without a ray—
Back again to wasting clay!
To-night; to-night; a tear I shed—
Who does not—when friends are dead?

I knew he was a friend to me
Befriending all humanity.
O! tabernacle of vile earth
More precious now, of greater worth
For holding such a soul within
As we know, his soul has been.
A life as gentle as the babe
With them, too, I see you laid
In their soft and rosy bed—
God is good when friends are dead.

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Your life was simple, and so true—
That plainer life which we see through
With no vanity would blend;
Constant—always could depend—
No one great, no one small,
By the right he measured all.
A golden life, without alloy—
Such as you, lends but joy
To me, to all—to Heaven that said
"Trust in me" when friends are dead.

Farewell! Farewell! my friend has gone;
But, as you journey on and on,
Stay,—but a tick of God's all time—
And, well, step as perfect rhyme
That grand march in Eternity
Arm in arm—my friend and me—
And you—and you—in that fair land
Will join the earthly perfect man.
Christ is saying—I'm ahead—
Every time, when friends are dead.

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THE PRIEST.

Father, I've been thinking
  Of your power and your care;
With such ease you did impart
  Nobleness to all there.
Ah, no small prejudice is yours;
  You have the world at heart;
You place me near the living Christ;
  Would each exhorter play your part

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NAME THE BABY AFTER ME.

A President I want to be,
For reasons of my own.
Promise you will vote for me,
And I will make them known.
It's not that I want men to say
"He couldn't tell a lie."
Because I tell lies every day.
Or that I made the chips to fly,
Like our Father Abraham
Just a puffin' in the wood,
For I will admit
For work—I am no good.
Or like Old Andrew Johnson,
With no schoolin' not a bit,
Till his young wife would say,
"Come Andrew, and spell "it."
Have got no desire
To point back to the time,
And say, "By Gosh, wasn't I poor,
I didn't have a dime."

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Name the baby after me.

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But wouldn't I be tickled,
If I could only see,
All the little babys
Named after me.
It's not because I care about
The dailies floatin' round,
To have myself all pictured out
In the cabin where they found
Me with my sister's apron on
While the chickens watched me churn,
With a book upon my knee,
I was so keen to learn.
It's not because I want the people,
Who never speak to me
Always lookin' o'er the steeple
When poor folks they see.
Scrapin' up some relation
My family creepin' in,
Offering their congratulation
If I happen just to win.
I believe I'd think more
Of the heathen Chinee,
If I could be sure they'd name
Their little pig-tails after me.
It's not because I long to see
All the people hail,

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And at the train the people cheer
  Me a speakin' from the tail;
It's not reform in any way
  I have to offer you—
Your women could dress any way,
  You man could smoke and chew.
But when the papers tell about
  A ten pound girl or boy,
Mother—baby doing well,
  That's when I'd have my joy.
See "sweet girls'' droppin' in—
  "O, my! just see his hair,
See the dimples in his cheeks,
  Aint his skin so fair?"

It's not because I want to go,
  To Washington, D. C.,
To try to be the whole blame show,
  In high society.
I really haven't much desire
  To pass the plums around,
Boosting some one higher,
  To put another down.
Remember I'm no candidate
  For faction or for party.

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Put me down on every slate,
  Then support me hearty.
I don't want no family fuss,
  Want all men to agree,
That all the little babies
  Shall be named after me.

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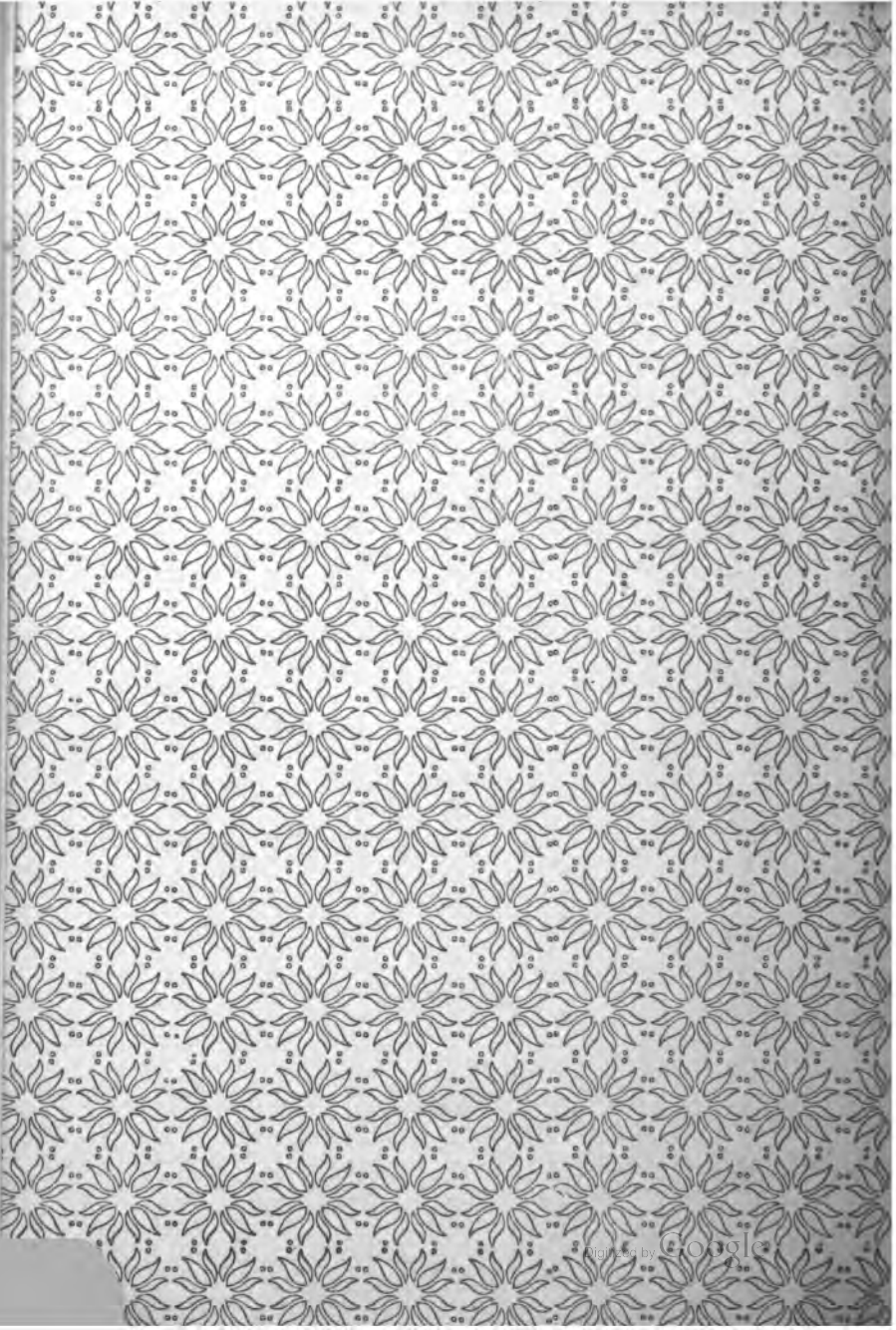
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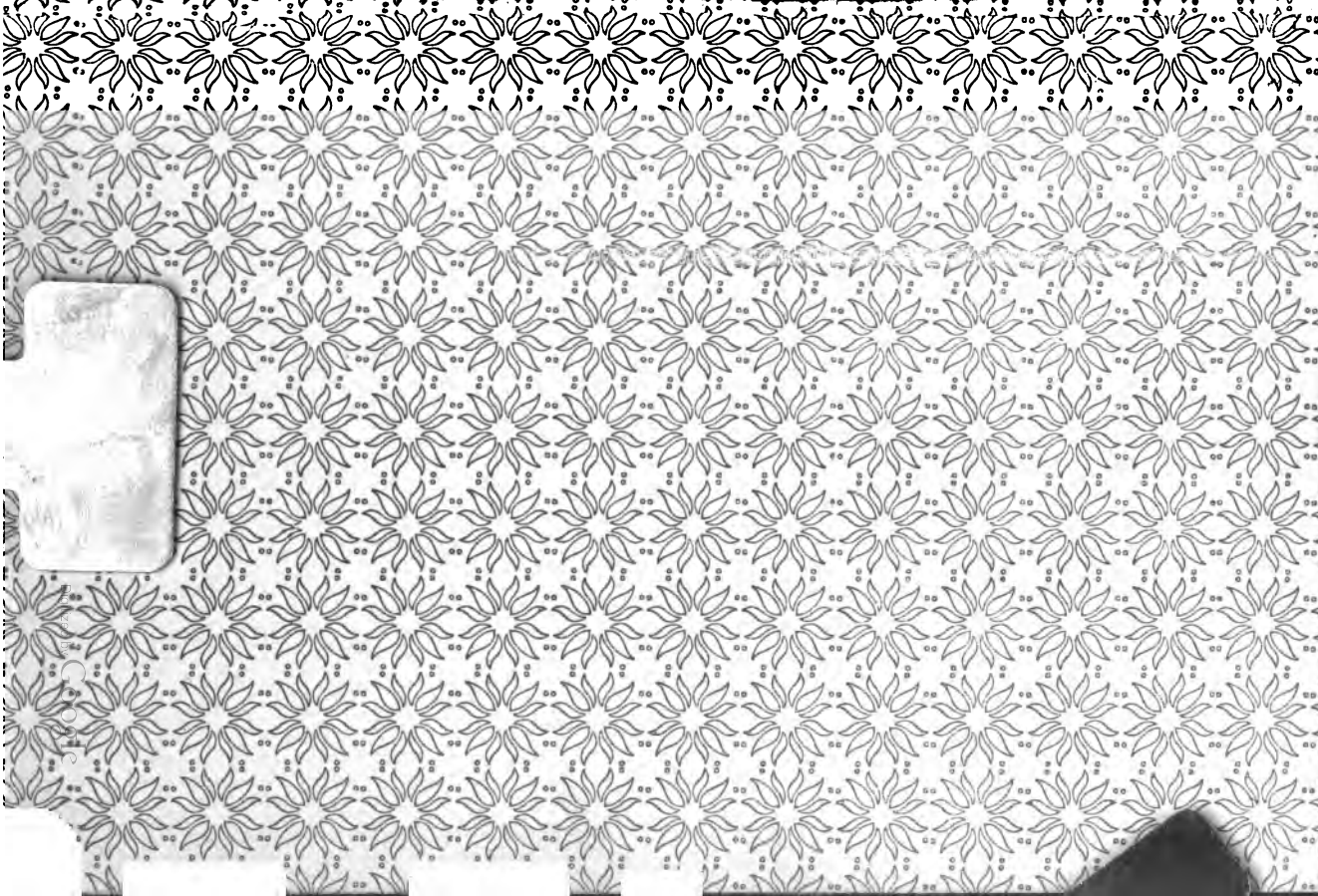

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